



Halloween: Demon Clown Style by Bloody Vixen

Category: IT

Genre: Horror, Humor

Language: English

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-04-06 03:11:59

Updated: 2018-04-06 03:11:59

Packaged: 2019-12-12 05:03:43

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 4,889

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: You had just started a relationship with a certain sewer dwelling clown. He finds out that you had never actually been trick-or-treating and wants to amend this, except that you're going to learn more than just how to trick-or-treat, you're going to learn of a horror that dwells in Derry.

Halloween: Demon Clown Style

Author's Note:

Welcome clown fans! This fic is basically a one-shot prequel set prior to the Demon Clown timeline. In this you've just started a relationship with Pennywise but are unaware of his exact nature. I had had this little plot-bunny for some time now and it's just out of my desire for a Chibi-Penny and a Mini-You. You don't have to read Demon Clowns to understand this fic and you can see it as a standalone if you wish.

Thank you so much for reading! Please leave a comment or kudos or bookmark if you like this!

Halloween is here.

Your office, usually so sterile and barren, are now covered with black and orange. Someone had taken out the dusty decorations of last year and peppered it all over the building. A few of your co-workers even don costumes, some of them are quite awesome (like your desk-mate with his Captain America suit), others borders between disturbing and offensive (like tweedle-dee and tweedle-dumb's ...whatever the heck they are wearing with that godawful thong).

While Halloween was not something you celebrated as a child – courtesy of some idiot who spread horror tales about poisoned candy to your mother's ears – you find yourself excited. If only because FUCKING CANDY YO. You had been looking forward to the assortment of Halloween candy just waiting for your wallet at the stores. Although you had been planning to binge buy when the first hint of pumpkins appeared, you had been swamped with deadlines and a workload that's borderline slave labour. Not to forget your recent dalliance with a certain sewer dwelling clown.

A frisson of pleasure climbs up your spine, remembering last week's amazing little adventure. You sigh, remembering that *divine* tongue of his and you hope he isn't busy tonight. But then you recalled him hinting that he had plans for Halloween. Well, you reasoned, he *is* a

clown, despite being a magical creature who could shapeshift for shits and giggles, so maybe it's his actual day job.

You wondered just why you are so accepting of the whole situation. The whole idea of having a magical clown fuck buddy and the fact that you found him in the sewers of all places. Then you remembered that tongue, warm and slick, and those lovely, lovely fingers and how you spent the whole Sunday being carried around by him because he made you cum so hard you couldn't walk. The fact that he kept saying you are his first and that he was a virgin before the Drunken Sewer Escapades™ just beggars belief.

Alas, he's busy today, so, in lieu of mind blowing sex, you'd settle for a sugar coma and some romantic comedies instead.

A couple of hours after work and a sizzling credit card later, you're back at home, kicking off your shoes and ripping open the Snicker's package, eager to devour it when you heard *him* snicker.

You turn around in your formerly empty house, to find Pennywise the Dancing Clown, snatching your Reese's Peanut Butter Cup package and swallowing it in one gulp.

"Hey, [Y/N]! Why aren't you in costume?" he greeted, grinning his candy splattered teeth out.

Caught between shock and despair, you can only splutter out: "HEY! Those are mine!" as you grab the rest of your treats into your arms.

"Get your own!"

Penny tuts, his lips pouting, "Aww, c'mon [Y/N], sharing is caring," he said, his hand reaching out to grab one of your packs. You twist out of his way, holding you precious candies to your chest.

"Nuh, uh. Get your own!" you cry back, fixing him with you best 'Mother's Glare™'. But before you can blink, Penny pops from where his standing and appears at your back. You yelped as he pushes you down and sits on you, crowing with triumph as he sinks his teeth into your Snicker's trove.

"NOOOOOO! My SNICKERS!"

"HAHAHAHAHA, not anymore!"

You kick your legs and try to push him off of you, but Penny, despite having a figure best for a catwalk model, didn't even budge and you can only listen as he eats every single last one of your stash.

"You dick! You butt munch! You, you, clown!" you yell futilely. Penny rolls his eyes before slapping your ass.

"Careful, [Y/N] or I'm going to have to use soap on that filthy mouth of yours," he shoots back before gulping down the last of your candy bar.

"NOOOO!"

"Yeessssss! That's what you get for not sharing, you greedy little thing!" he chuckled before gracefully standing up and watch you as you roll over and scowl at him.

"Aww, don't be sad, we can get more from trick-or-treating anyway!"

You frown, rubbing your sore ass as you stare at him, "Trick or treating? I don't do trick-or-treating!"

Pennywise lets out a gasp and gives you an expression that you just insulted his mother.

"What? And why *not*?"

Letting out a huff you sit cross-legged on the floor. "Look, I never did trick-or-treating when I was a kid. My mom thought it's dangerous for a young child to go door to door, so it's not a thing for me. So I grew up just seeing Halloween as just another day. It's no biggie."

"PFFFT, 'no biggie'? What is wrong with your mother? No, no, no, this just won't do! I won't allow this!"

"Whatever, Penny. Just go and do your job and leave me alone. I want to watch 'Love Actually' with my wine and *no* chocolate, like an adult!" you spout, crossing your arms as you make way to your living room.

Penny, on other hand, grabs you by the shoulders and spins you to face him.

"Nope, you're going trick or treating with me and that's final!"

"What? No, Penny, besides I don't have a costume and I'm fucking tired from work!"

"You forget sweet thing, you're fucking a shape-shifter, remember? Now, come here!" he said firmly. You open your mouth about to tell him to fuck off when he leans in and kisses you.

Your mind blanks out at the touch, the way his lips and tongue presses against yours and you melt in that embrace and you feel like you're floating on air...

...literally because your feet is now floating off the ground and you wonder why is that when Penny pulls away and sets you down on the floor.

The clown is taller now, way taller than before and you stare at him, your mind panicking at the size difference before he smirks at you and points you towards the long mirror against the wall.

It takes your brain less than a second before you scream in surprise.

You're a clown just like Penny. But where his outfit is simple and elegant, yours is garish with colour. You are wearing a yellow overall with orange pom-poms topped with purple-blue vest. Your hair is now fire-engine red and tied into pigtails that curled upwards like a pair of cow's horns. Your face is painted white, with dark blue eyeshadow and to finish your clown ensemble is a big red nose right smack on your face.

But the most shocking change of all is the fact that the face staring back at you is young, extremely young; a face you only saw in your old photos and albums. You whirl to face Pennywise who giggled at your stunned expression.

He turned you into a child. A fucking child.

"There, now you're ready! Time for trick or treat [Y/N]!"

After much kicking and screaming – because you're a fucking child and if Penny wants it you're going to act like one – Penny grabs you by the ruff and drags you out of the door. Then, because and you quote, "Kids get candy, adults don't," he shapeshifts into a younger version of him. Albeit one who is still towering over your child frame by about a head but it's now less creepy dad with his child and more of creepy brother with his sister.

In another situation you would have melted and glomped the shit out of Chibi-Penny because holy fuck he is so *cute!* Especially with those big-blue eyes and chubby cheeks and charming buck-toothed smile. Except you're a kid and it's all wrong and you can't even reach the knob of your front door because you were a short kid okay and you'd like to forget you ever were.

"Don't be ungrateful! I'm offering you a chance of a lifetime and you're acting like a brat!"

"Oh gee, I wonder why, oh, maybe it's because *I am a brat!* Goddamn it Penny! Turn me back!" you cry, wincing as he drags you by your arm, your magically conjured up bucket hitting his shins.

"Nope, no can do! You're stuck as a kid until midnight! Only then will my spell be broken."

"...You're making that shit up."

"Nope."

"Yes, you are."

"No, I'm not!"

"Yeah uh."

"Nuh uh."

"Yeah uh."

"Nuh uh."

"Nuh uh."

"Yeah uh."

"...HAH!" you hoot in victory.

Pennywise rolls his eyes, swatting your shoulder. "Here I am giving you a childhood memory and you're being 'all' *No, Penny, I wanna be an adult, I wanna spend this magical night vegging out in front of the television and watch unrealistic romantic comedies than spend time with the Greatest Clown Ever!*"

You glare at him as he smirks and God fucking damn it he's right and you feel so attacked right now. Part of you want to enjoy tonight, even though you're kind spooked at the very idea you're magically de-aged, even if it does last until midnight.

Penny continues smirking at you, like he knows what you're thinking. You let out a whine and throw your hands up, "Ugh, fine! But I'd better be back to normal when it's midnight!"

The clown hops giddily around you, "Of course, sweet thing! After all, I have other plans for you, *grown up* plans," he leers at you.

"...you do realise that *that's creepy* when I'm in this body, right?"

"Technically, I'm only a few years older than your current body."

"...it's still fucking creepy."

"Fine, fine. Enough chit-chat! Time for candy!"

You have to admit after a while, you are having fun. At first, you stumbled all over the place because while your body is like, what, five, your mind is still of that an adult. You're used to longer legs and a different centre of gravity and so you'd trip and crash into Chibi-Pennywise, as you start calling him in your head. Your miniaturize clown lover is of course walking around like he's a graceful little shit and is trying to trip you now and then.

While it was funny the first time and apparently you stumbling

around is adorable to the people you're trick-or-treating with, it got old pretty fast.

After one too many attempts at tripping you snarl and push him down.

Chibi-Pennywise falls with a huff as you stand, smirking over him. Well, until he roars back and starts to chase you. You started running (because you don't want to be sat on in the middle of the fucking street) and you find out, not only are you a kid now but you have the energy and speed of one.

And you are Speedy Gonzalez for a brat.

"HAHAHAHAHAHA! Can't *catch* me!" you sing-song as you dodge the other trick-or-treaters and their parents in an attempt to ditch Chibi-Penny. While he has the advantage of super-human speed and longer legs, he is not a match for a child nursing a grudge because he ate all of your Halloween candies, the goddamn dick!

"Come back here [Y/N]!" he's screaming, startling parents and kids along the way but you're running so fast and it's amazing and awesome because you haven't felt this happy and free in a long, long time. Your childish laughter rings through the air as you hoot all the way down the street.

You can hear Chibi-Penny's cries melting away into giggles, as though your laughter is infectious (and it is).

Eventually, he catches up to you and tackles you to the ground, giggling all the way as you both roll on someone else's lawn.

"Caught you ~" he says before squeezing your nose. It honks to your surprise and you snicker as you bat his hand away.

"Nuh-uh, two out of three!"

"Nope, I win, fair and square! That means I get *all* your candy." He teases, jingling his ruff.

'NO, not *your* Halloween Candy!' So you did what you can, when pinned down on the ground: you head-butt him.

Stars dance across your eyes as you reel back, clutching your forehead; you learned that Pennywise has a rock underneath that wide dome of his. So instead of escaping with your candy, you're curled up on the ground, clutching your own skull.

"Ow, ow, *OW!*" you whine. The clown sniggered as you lay there, whimpering from the pain.

"Aww, did ickle [Y/N] tried to hurt me? *Me?* Pfft, I'm stronger than your species you little brat, I can snap you like a twig." He rumbled, straddling you.

This jerk, this big forehead jerk! You just wanted candy and have fun but not he's going to take all of your stash and you're getting nothing because of his big ass forehead.

Sniff.

"Aww, are you crying?"

Sniff. Sniff. SNIFF.

You didn't want to, not really, but you're a kid and you're having all these feels and Chibi-Penny is heavy...also you spotted a few disapproving adults glaring at the back his head and a plan hatches in your head.

Operation I'm Being Bullied™ begins.

"WAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!" you bawl startling Chibi-Penny. You delve deep into your role, covering your face and kicking your legs, just crying loudly as you hear the parents around you scolding the clown. You will yourself tears and snot for that Oscar Worthy Performance. Throw in a few hiccoughs here and there, dab it with loud sobs because you can.

"Are you bullying your younger sister, young man?" you heard a woman (clad in pirate costumer) reprimand him.

"That's none of your fucking business, you old hag."

The pirate spluttered in outrage, "Where are your parents? You

should be punished you brat!"

You continue on your little tantrum, heedless of Chibi-Penny's tiff with whoever that woman was when you saw it.

Chibi-Penny's Halloween Candy Bucket, all alone.

VENGEANCE IS YOURS.

You roll away from Chibi-Penny and the older woman, and then in one swift move you snatch his bucket and yours before dashing off into the night. Well you would have, if not for the fact that gravity is a harsh mistress and you trip and face-plant into the curb, scattering all your candies and Penny's onto the ground.

God fucking damn it.

You push yourself up, feeling a trickle of blood coming from your nose. Real tears start pricking your eyes as you pinch your nose, trying to will the pain away as you feel around for the fallen candies. While you did make it far enough from Penny and the poor Pirate lady, you still don't want him to catch up and steal your stash back. Crying and wincing, you reach out for the candies when someone stomps onto your hand.

"What the fuck?" you cry out, tugging your hand but the foot didn't budge as a bunch of boys surround you, sniggering at your pain.

"Ooh, is the little clown using bad words, Ted? Why, I think she is." Said the biggest, meanest looking boy. It's ironic that he's wearing an angel costume because the sneer on his face is positively devilish. Your bully and his gang guffawed at your distress.

"No, let me go you ugly bastard!"

The leader clucks his tongue and wallops you on top of your head. You hiss and spat like a cat, clawing at him before one of his goons, grabs your arm and pin it behind you.

"Bad girl! You know what? I don't think you deserve these delicious chocolates," he sneers, picking up the snicker's bar on the ground.

"No! Stop, that's not yours asshole! That's mine!" you snarl before Ted tightens his grip on you.

"Nope, I don't think you do. As punishment for the foul mouth, we're gonna take these candies away." The devil-angel says as his goons grab your candy buckets away and start picking up all the fallen candies.

You thrash in their arms because fucking damn it, you didn't spend hours being a child and tripped by Pennywise to watch your hard earned candy be taken away. You try making eye contact with the people around you, whimpering for help but their eyes slide away, and what few who did, simply clucked their tongue and drag their children away from the scene. Even though you're a child of five being surrounded by teenage boys who are laughing as they steal your candy and toss you side to side like some sort of clown ball, these assholes are taking the 'someone else's problem' stance.

You curse the fact that you're in a child's body because if you're an adult, you'd forgo your stance on corporal punishment and would spank these brats to oblivion, parents' bedamned. Worst is when they start to eat the candies in front of you, angel-devil even waved it in front of your face before pulling back as you try to bite him. One of them even squeezed your nose and cackled when it lets out a loud honk.

"Oh shit, Chad. Her nose fucking honks! This is hilarious!" Ted said as he squeeze your nose again.

"No, stop! That hurts!" you wail, trying to twist your head away but Chad (formerly known as angel-devil), grabs both of your pigtails and force you to look at him.

"*No, stop, that hurts!*" he mocks to the laughter of his goons, "You know what? You're not being a funny clown, let's see if we can teach you a thing or two about jokes." Chad adds as he and Ted grab each of your arm and pull you away from the street, away from the apathetic crowd towards a secluded area.

You try screaming and kicking but all that did was make Chad mad as he slaps his palm against your mouth, muffling you. Every last bit

of your survival instinct screams as you struggle against their grip because you want to escape, go home and just fuck Halloween to hell because even the candy is not worth whatever the fuck these boys are planning.

They drag you away to a dark spot with trees. You see the odd beer bottle and cigarettes or two, and you knew that they had brought you to their 'spot'. The boys shove you to the ground and you try to run away, but one of them kicks you, hard, in your stomach and you collapse to the dirt, wheezing with pain. Chad chortles as he stomps your back and presses you down, you feel the air being squeezed from your lungs as you struggle to breathe.

"If ickle-clownie wants to breathe, she'd better start telling some jokes." He says, putting pressure on his foot.

You start seeing blackspots in your eyes as you try to think up of something when you heard him.

"What did the boy with no head said to kid with no arms?"

"What the fuck? Who the hell are you?" Chad asks.

"The answer is *nothing* because they're both dead! Huhahahahaha!"

Chibi, no, the *adult* Pennywise laughs cruelly as he steps into the spot, all gangly limbs and predatory grace. Chad, his friends and you gawk at him. Part of you is glad that he's here and also pissed because he took so long to find you. You try to wiggle out from Chad's foot but the asshole tugs your ruff and drags you to his side.

"What do you want?" Chad asks and you watch as his goons, all four of them surround Pennywise. Although you know Penny's nearly seven feet tall and towers over them, you can't feel a bit worried because he's outnumbered five to one.

"Just punish bad boys who dare touch my things." Pennywise says, eyeing them lazily. Chad and his gang of thugs laugh as the clown narrows his eyes.

"Aw, does the pedo wants his toy back? Sorry dude, but she's ours to play. Why don't you find some other kid to fuck?" the boy retorts,

tightening his hands around your ruff.

Well, he tried because at one moment you're struggling to get free and the next you're on the ground, surprised at your freedom. That's when you feel something warm and sticky splash all over your face.

You look up and see that Chad's arm is torn clean off his shoulder. There's a moment of silence as the boy stares at his missing arm, his mouth gape open in shock before someone breathes and Chad screams in pain.

Pandemonium breaks loose as the boys shout and scatter but they don't get far. Pennywise is running and tearing them apart, cackling like a demon from hell. Your mind is numb because suddenly, everything, just everything *clicked*. From the way he devoured one poor soul, his teeth long and sharp, from those cruel yellow eyes and you knew, *you knew*.

The missing children.

Fuck. *FUCK*. You're fucking a *child eating monster*.

You want to run but you're pinned on the spot because you're terrified that if you so much as move, he'd tear you too.

Time seem to slow and speed up as the last of the bullies (boy, a child, a *child*) whimper in agony and the air is silent once more. Except for your sobs as your tiny body, your *child body*, shakes in fear.

Pennywise drops his last victim, growling and snarling like a beast. His head shakes and snaps before it settles down and his eyes turn to you.

Yellow eyes glow eerily in the dark before it suddenly changes to soft, beautiful blue. In one leap, he crosses towards you and you squeak, crying and shaking as the clown kneels down to your eye-level. His hands (*sharpened claws*) reaches out towards you and then pass your stunned face as he grabs the upturned candy bucket Chad had dropped behind you.

The thing chuckles at your expression before frowning at the near

empty bucket.

"Aww, and I was so looking forward to that jaw-breaker." He pouts, picking up a squashed candy bar between his fingers, "Oh, well, at least it's coated with blood." He remarks before tossing it into the air and swallowing it in one gulp.

"Mmm, *delicious!*" He says, licking his fingers.

You don't remember what happens next because your body decides that this is all too much and so you faint allowing the darkness to swallow you.

The sounds of Liam Neeson laughing wakes you up. For a while your mind spins because you don't recall sleeping...

...but you do recall the screams and torn limbs and you shoot up, to find that you are on your living room couch, sprawled across Pennywise's lap.

"Wakey, wakey Sleeping Beauty," he says, tossing another (blood covered) candy into his mouth. "You're gonna miss the movie." He adds.

You shoot up from him and land with a thud onto the floor, wanting to run, to escape. You notice that you're back as an adult, albeit one still in that clown costume as your back slams against the wall.

Pennywise rolls his eyes at your antics before leaning back with a sneer.

"Aww, is my sweetie scared of me now?" he teases, waggling his non-existent eyebrows.

"You, you're, oh god, you killed those kids. You killed *all* those kids," the words stammer out of you. "Are you going to kill me?" you blurt out, your eyes scanning him as you try to make yourself small.

You hear a deep rumble coming from his chest, his eyes turn yellow again, his teeth becoming fangs.

"I should, you know, for the candy you stole from me," he says ominously and you start to cry because oh, shit, oh shit you're going to die. And it's all because of fucking Halloween candy!

So you cry; fat ugly tears stream down your face as you pull your knees up and start sobbing. You hear him pause the movie and his footsteps closing towards you. You wail louder as he tugs your knees away and grips your chins between his fingers, forcing you to look at him.

He sniffs you, taking in your scent and you hear him growling with pleasure.

"Yes, I should, especially since you smell so *tasty*." He croons, brushing his nose against your hair, huffing and sniffing your scent. You're shaking so badly now that you can feel him quake with you, before he pulls back, grinning with his fang filled mouth.

Suddenly, he lunges towards you, mouth bared and you scream and shut your eyes, believing that this is it, *this is how you die*, when you feel Pennywise's lips pressing against yours.

Your mind blanks out as his tongue pushes past your lips, hot and heady. You can taste the Halloween candy and, to your horror, copperish blood, as he explores your mouth, his teeth nipping against your lips. His hands caresses you and you feel your body slowly relax before he pulls away, his tongue licking his lips.

"Mmmhmm, but finding a fuck buddy is hard, so you, my dear sweet [Y/N], get to live another day." He says as you process his words.

"Besides I think you've been punished enough." He continues, staring into you and you're baffled by that before you recalled Chad and his goons batting you around. When you didn't even run that far from Penny and the pirate lady (oh God, you hope she's okay). All those apathetic stares. Yellow eyes twinkled as you put the pieces together.

"Y-you...you *watched*?"

"Hn? Of course," he replies and at your outraged, he lets out a snort. "Oho, and so did you, my dear. And you know what? I think you

think they deserve being eaten by Pennywise." He says.

"I, no, I don't..." but Pennywise slams his palms between your head, snarling again.

"You do and guess what? You can't do anything about it. I *own* this town and the people in it are mine to play with, especially you." He hisses. You clamp your mouth shut, trying to suppress your fear (and anger at being toyed with); whatever you did seem to placate him as your lover (the demon clown) peppers you with soft kisses.

"But I'm still hungry though. Looks like our little grown up time will just have to wait!" he declares, standing up, cracking his joints exaggeratedly while patting his stomach. With a wave, the movie plays again, his head wiggles setting the bells off on his ruffs.

"I'll see you in a couple hours, sweet thing! Enjoy your movie!" he waves and with a pop, vanishes into the night.

You sat there for a while, until that horrible Christmas song blares from your television and your stomach quivers and you rush to the bathroom, heaving and retching as your belly empties itself. Once that is done, you take a hot shower, scrubbing the scent of blood and horror of your skin.

The costume Penny had 'kindly' donned on you, are tossed into your fireplace and you watch as the flames lick the cloth and you shudder. The screams still echo in your head, so you grab the chilled beer in your fridge, despite knowing what it does on an empty stomach. But you don't fucking care. You just watched your 'clown lover' butcher and eat a bunch of kids, and then ate blood covered chocolate. A hangover would be a fucking bliss compared to the PTSD you know you're going to get.

So you down them, laughing and crying at the movie playing on your screen.

As you finish the last can, feeling the alcohol buzzing in your veins, dimming your consciousness you decide on one thing:

Fuck Halloween.